

# Good Morning 569

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

In the Ring,

Says W. H. MILLIER

## TWO BLACKS NEVER MAKE A WHITE

ALMOST a month after the two negro boxers, Danny Webb and Kid Tanner, had been ordered out of the ring and the "no contest" label attached to their effort, the Board of Control enquiry found both boxers guilty of "not trying" and suspended them for two months from the date of the enquiry.

In addition to the period of suspension, the boxers are further penalised to the extent of having the purse-money confiscated. The amount in this instance is £250.

Webb, in fact, loses much more than this. Within the period set aside for suspension he had contracted to box in contests which would have earned him the tidy sum of £1,400.

This sounds like a very harsh punishment, to be sure, but if the findings of the Board of Enquiry were correct, the boxer has only himself to blame. After all, he is paid to produce his best efforts in the ring, and if he wantonly fails to do so he should be penalised accordingly.

### TWO BLACKS MAKE BLACK.

It is no intention of mine to enter into the conflicting views of either side. I will only say that the promoter ought to have known better than to have made a match between two negroes.

It has long been accepted as an almost inviolable rule that two blacks will not make a good fight. There have, of course, been notable exceptions, but these have been so outstanding that they can only be cited as

**YOU'VE GOT THE TOUCH, A.B. Albert Baines**

YOUR wife enjoyed the chocolate you sent her, A.B. Albert Baines, but she had eaten it all before we called at 38 Cardigan Road, Bow, so we weren't able to test it for ourselves.

Both your mother and father are well, and so is your wife's family. There's still no news of your brother Vic, but your family are hoping for good tidings in the near future.

There must be something in your piano-playing, for your wife certainly took your advice when you played "Why don't you fall in love with me?" You've got the right touch, Albert.

Iris often wonders how "Trigger" Dent is getting on. You might tell him that she still sees quite a lot of Violet.

We saw one of your wedding photos when we called, Albert, and we agree with your wife—

exceptions that serve to prove the rule.

I have been asked what becomes of the purse-money when it is confiscated in these cases. The promoter does not benefit. He hands the money to the Board of Control, and then it is supposed to be credited to the Boxers' Benevolent Fund. This used to be administered many years ago by Peggy Bettinson, manager of the old National Sporting Club.

Old man Bettinson, who always had a soft spot in his heart for the poverty-stricken old-timer, used to disburse small sums from his own pocket whenever his attention was called to some ancient fighter in need of assistance, but as these sums became too numerous, he hit upon the idea of forming the fund.

At least once during the season, probably at the biggest

fight of the year, an appeal would be made from the ring of the N.S.C. for contributions to the fund.

Many people would present valuable articles, which would be auctioned, and sometimes sold ten times over, and the proceeds given to the fund.

The late Sir Walter de Frece, the music-hall magnate of another decade, and husband of Vesta Tilley, used to act as auctioneer on these occasions, and was so skilful at the job that he could extract money from the tightest of tight-wads.

When the Boxing Board of Control was formed later, the Boxers' Benevolent Fund was handed over to be administered by the new body. The Board was formed during the last war, not because there was any real need to control the game, but merely to serve the purpose of providing the right

quantity of eye-wash. This calls for some explanation.

In the 1914 war there was much the same tendency to curtail individual freedom as there is to-day. Promoters of professional boxing found it difficult, as the war went on, to get the necessary boxers to appear as they were needed.

Most of them in the later years of the war were in the



those trousers were a bit short, weren't they?

We presume there's no chance of you having acquired your wife's liking for swing music yet?

She says you prefer Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy to her collection of Artie Shaw

records. Well, they do say that one man's meat is another man's poison, don't they?

From your wife, Iris, and from all at home come greetings for your birthday on February 3rd, and all their love until they see you again, A.B.

Albert Baines.



## Little Audrey tells a tale to E.R.A. Arthur Smith

"COME on in," cheery voices echoed from the kitchen of 93 High Street, Barry; "if you can get in."

"As you can see," said Mrs. Doris James, emerging from a tangle of multi-coloured paper chains, "we are putting up our holiday decorations. If only Arthur could see me now—I bet he'd go straight back to sea."

We wonder if you would, E.R.A. Arthur Smith. Perhaps you would help her with decorations. Little Audrey, who was helping her mother, with constant interruption from Peter, tried to tell us that she had made the chains.

"I made some of them," Peter insisted from the sofa.

He had a cold, so could only offer well-meant advice to the workers. He was to have gone to the birthday party of a school chum. So he had to wait until another pal had a birthday.

Mrs. James tells us that Captain Wheeler—Tom to you—left Barry that day for an unknown destination. Before he left he drank your health, and is looking forward to "one for the road" at the local when he sees you again.

And didn't little Audrey laugh when he chalked a mes-

sage on the looking-glass! Audrey was to have two teeth out the next week. She said something about a necklace, but how the heck does she expect you to find one in the middle of some sea or the other?

"But the best surprise of all," she told us, "would be to see Uncle Arthur come through the door."

So perhaps you had better leave the necklace until you return, then she will have two lovely presents together.

We hope you like the picture of the "chain gang."

Your mother is in the pink, and went last week to Bristol to see Lesley. All are well there.

All send their love from Barry and hope to see you some time soon.

## HOW YOU STAKE A CLAIM IN THE MOON

IF would-be American rocket travellers ever reach the moon and parts of it become public domain, they can stake a claim under the Public Land Laws, says Fred Johnson, Federal Land Office Commissioner in Washington.

This was the system used when the West was opened up to settlers.

In reply to an inquiry from the U.S. Rocket Society, who wanted to know how to go about filing land claims on the moon, Mr. Johnson said that anyone wishing to set up house there must, among other conditions, be prepared to take permanent residence on the land within six months after his entry has been approved, and take his family with him.

but the little man cannot afford it, and that is why he has dropped out of the game."

There you have the key to the problem. The little man, who has dropped out of the game, was the mainstay of professional boxing. He ran the nurseries that produced the rank and file of boxers, many of whom were later destined to become champions.

Through the short-sightedness of the Board of Control, amateur boxing has gained what the professional side has lost. The youngsters are now joining amateur clubs and boxing is enjoyed for its own sake.

Small wonder that the professional managers are nightly haunting the amateur clubs in search of talent, but the number they entice into the professional fold is very small.



"Is four-to-one chance 'as come off! 'E's just eard 'is old girl's presented 'im with quads!"

Services, and in order that they could get permission to box at professional shows the promoters had to keep on the right side of the all-powerful military authorities.

Peggy Bettinson hit upon the bright idea of forming the Boxing Board of Control, with its headquarters at the National Sporting Club, and invited a number of brass-hats to officiate on the Board.

This answered the purpose for which it was designed, and there was seldom any difficulty in getting an Army boxer to appear at the N.S.C. if he was in the country and not serving abroad.

Although the Board of Control was brought into being in this manner, it was not permitted to die a natural death after the war, as it might conveniently have been. Outside promoters, that is to say, men who were competing with the National Sporting Club in staging big boxing shows, greatly resented the undue advantage which the club's illegitimate offspring gave them, and they never did become reconciled to the Board and its activities so long as it was part and parcel of the N.S.C.

### LICENSING LAWS.

I can recall many stormy meetings in this connection.

The great man had begun to threaten Harvey with dire consequences if he did not apply to the Board for a licence, and Len's reply was short and sharp and very much to the point.

That the advent of the Board of Control has been a mixed blessing to the boxing game is the most that can be said in its favour. Before it was formed we could boast the greatest champions the ring has known.

Since it has been in existence the professional ring has sunk to the lowest ebb it has ever experienced. It cannot sink much lower, short of entire oblivion.

This is not to say that anyone connected with the Board has designedly impaired the game, but events have shown that, far from improving the sport, the restrictions imposed have throttled it to such an anaemic condition that it is anything but healthy.

### STRANGLEHOLD.

An old-time promoter whom I met recently put the matter in a nutshell thus: "Before the Board of Control came along with its rules, regulations and restrictions, boxing shows were held in small halls all over the country. Promoters didn't make a lot of money, but they attracted a lot of good youngsters to the game, and that is how we found the future champions."

"Now, before anyone can stage a show, he must pay a lump sum to the Board for a promoter's licence. He can only engage licensed boxers; the officials have to be licensed, and even the seconds. That is all right with the big shows,

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

**"GOOD MORNING"**

LETTERS TO:—  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



## Continuing A PIECE OF STEAK

By JACK LONDON

THE first round was all Sandel's, and he had the house yelling with the rapidity of his whirlwind rushes. He overwhelmed King with avalanches of punches, and King did nothing. He never struck once, contenting himself with covering up, blocking and ducking and clinching to avoid punishment. He occasionally feinted, shook his head when the weight of a punch landed, and moved stolidly about, never leaping or springing or wasting an ounce of strength.

Sandel must foam the froth of Youth away before discreet Age could dare to retaliate. All King's movements were slow and methodical, and his heavy-lidded, slow-moving eyes gave him the appearance of being half asleep or dazed. Yet they were eyes that saw everything, that had been trained to see everything through

all his twenty years and odd in the ring. They were eyes that did not blink or waver before an impending blow, but that coolly saw and measured distance.

Seated in his corner for the minute's rest at the end of the round, he lay back with outstretched legs, his arms resting on the right angle of the ropes, his chest and abdomen heaving frankly and deeply as he gulped down the air driven by the towels of his seconds. He listened with closed eyes to the voices of the house, "Why don't yeh fight, Tom?" many were crying. "Yeh ain't afraid of 'im, are yeh?" "Muscle-bound," he heard a man on a front seat comment. "He can't move quicker. Two to one on Sandel, in quids."

The gong struck and the two men advanced from their corners. Sandel came forward fully three-

quarters of the distance, eager to begin again; but King was content to advance the shorter distance. It was in line with his policy of economy. He had not been well trained, and he had not had enough to eat, and every step counted. Besides, he had already walked two miles to the ringside. It was a repetition of the first round, with Sandel attacking like a whirlwind and with the audience indignantly demanding why King did not fight. Beyond feinting and several slowly delivered and ineffectual blows he did nothing save block and stall and clinch. Sandel wanted to make the pace fast, while King, out of his wisdom, refused to accommodate him. He grinned with a certain wistful pathos in his ring-battered countenance, and went on cherishing his strength with the jealousy of which only Age is capable. Sandel was Youth, and he threw his strength away with the munificent abandon of Youth. To King belonged the ring generalship, the wisdom bred of long, aching fights. He watched with cool eyes and head, moving slowly and waiting for Sandel's froth to foam away. To the majority of the onlookers it seemed as though King was hopelessly outclassed, and they voiced their opinion in offers of three to one on Sandel. But there were wise ones, a few, who knew King of old time, and who covered what they considered easy money.

The third round began as usual, one-sided, with Sandel doing all the leading, and delivering all the

punishment. A half-minute had passed when Sandel, over-confident, left an opening. King's eyes and right arm flashed in the same instant. It was his first real blow—a hook, with the twisted arch of the arm to make it rigid, and with all the weight of the half-pivoted body behind it. It was like a sleepy-seeming lion suddenly thrusting out a lightning paw. Sandel, caught on the side of the jaw, was felled like a bullock. The audience gasped and murmured awe-stricken applause. The man was not muscle-bound, after all, and he could drive a blow like a trip-hammer.

Sandel was shaken. He rolled over and attempted to rise, but the sharp yells from his seconds to take the count restrained him. He knelt on one knee, ready to rise, and waited, while the referee stood over him, counting the seconds loudly in his ear. At the ninth he rose in fighting attitude, and Tom King, facing him, knew regret that the blow had not been an inch nearer the point of the jaw. That would have been a knock-out, and he could have carried the thirty quid home to the missus and the kiddies.

The round continued to the end of its three minutes, Sandel for the first time respectful of his opponent and King slow of movement and remarkably able at defence, whose sleepy-eyed as ever. As the round neared its close, King, warned of club, and who had a knock-out in the fact by sight of the seconds either hand. Nevertheless, Tom crouching outside ready for the King dared not hit often. He never spring in through the ropes, worked forgot his battered knuckles, and the fight around to his own corner. knew that every hit must count if

And when the gong struck, he sat the knuckles were to last out the down immediately on the waiting fight. stool, while Sandel had to walk all the way across the diagonal of the square to his own corner.

It was a little thing, but it was the sum of little things that counted. Sandel was compelled to walk that many more steps, to give up that much energy, and to lose a part of the precious minute of rest. At the beginning of every round King loafed slowly out from his corner, forcing his opponent to advance the greater distance. The end of every round found the fight manoeuvred by King into his own corner so that he could immediately sit down.

Two more rounds went by, in which King was parsimonious of effort and Sandel prodigal. The latter's attempt to force a fast pace made King uncomfortable, for a fair percentage of the multitudinous blows showered upon him went home. Yet King persisted in his dogged slowness, despite the crying of the young hot-heads for him to go in and fight. Again, in the sixth round, Sandel was careless, again Tom King's fearful right flashed out to the jaw, and again Sandel took the nine seconds' count.

By the seventh round Sandel's pink of condition was gone, and he settled down to what he knew was to be the hardest fight in his experience. Tom King was an old un, but a better old un than he had ever encountered—an old un who never lost his head, who was and King slow of movement and remarkably able at defence, whose sleepy-eyed as ever. As the round neared its close, King, warned of club, and who had a knock-out in the fact by sight of the seconds either hand. Nevertheless, Tom crouching outside ready for the King dared not hit often. He never spring in through the ropes, worked forgot his battered knuckles, and the fight around to his own corner. knew that every hit must count if

As he sat in his corner, glancing across at his opponent, the thought came to him that the sum of his wisdom and Sandel's youth would constitute a world's champion heavyweight. But that was the trouble. Sandel would never become a world champion. He lacked the wisdom, and the only way for him to get it was to buy it with Youth; and when

(Continued on Page 3)

## INTELLIGENCE TEST

1. Rearrange the following words to make sense, and then say if the statement is true or false:

Salt butter very can from be good made added is milk if sour.

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Mare, Bitch, Stallion, Cow, Ox, Vixen, Ram, Bull.

3. Southampton is to Winchester what Liverpool is to: London, Manchester, Birmingham, Lancaster, Wigan.

4. If to-morrow were the day before yesterday, to-day would be the Tuesday before next Sunday. What day is it to-day?

5. When George said "Cider," Fred said "Oak-leaves." What word linked these two ideas in Fred's mind?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Tunnel, Well, Crevasse, Tube-railway, Canyon.

7. Long is to longest what good is to: Fine, better, supreme, best, first-rate?

8. If three days after to-morrow were to-day, yesterday would be three weeks before what to-day would be in a month's time from last Tuesday. What day is it?

(Answers in No. 570)

## QUIZ for today

### Answers to Quiz in No. 568

1. A parterre is a paternal grandmother, French wig, ornamental garden, dance?

2. What is the difference between a parol and a parole?

3. Which is larger, Switzerland or Belgium?

4. Adler and Jung are famous comedians, revivalists, psychologists, Negro singers?

1. Dell.
2. Stroat (in its winter coat).
3. Portugal (by 4,000 square miles).
4. Any fruit with prickles or hooks on it, like the chestnut.
5. Columbine.
6. North points to a Pole; others don't.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



MR. P. S. HARPER, chairman of Crystal Palace Football Club, and his co-director, Mr. G. J. Ellis, who have been suspended from football and football management by the Football Association, plan to do whatever they can to fight the decision.

"I don't know whether I have any right of appeal, but I certainly do not intend to let the matter rest. If necessary, I shall take the matter to the High Courts," Harper told me.

Says Ellis: "It would seem that the F.A. denies the democratic right of free men to express an opinion without fear or prejudice. For this reason I have no intention of allowing the matter to rest.

Mr. Harper and Mr. Ellis are alleged by the F.A. to have been "discourteous" at a meeting of a commission appointed by the F.A. to investigate an article which appeared in the club's programme and for which the club failed to apologise.

Announcing their decision, the F.A. stated that Mr. F. J. Young is to be severely censured "for failing in his obvious duty to the F.A. and his club," and accepted his resignation as director.

Sir Alan Maitland, M.P., president of the club, Mr. F. Broomfield, Mr. E. T. Truett (directors), and Mr. G. W. Irwin (secretary-manager) were exonerated from blame.

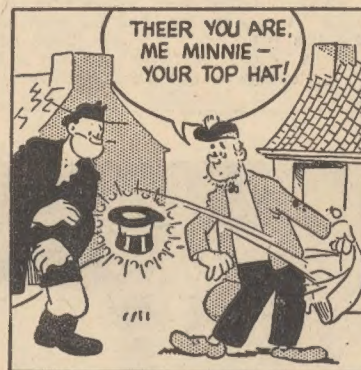


TWO pre-war ice hockey stars, Bobby Lee and Steve Latoski, are now serving with the Canadian Forces in this country.

Lee, the dashing centre of Earls Court Rangers and Brighton Tigers, has been playing for Montreal Canadians, the famous professional club, but under war-time regulations retains his amateur status.

Latoski, who joined Harringay Racers when the club was formed in 1936, was leading scorer for his team in 1938-39, the last full season of ice hockey here. Both Lee and Latoski hope to play in the forthcoming England v. Canada match at Brighton.

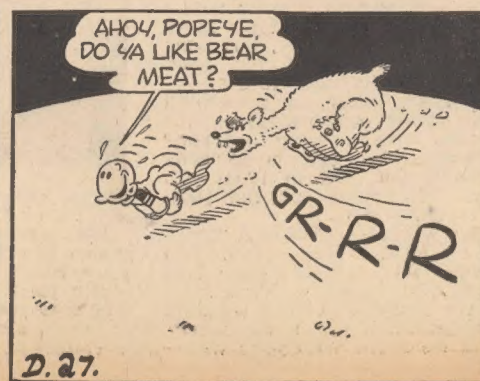
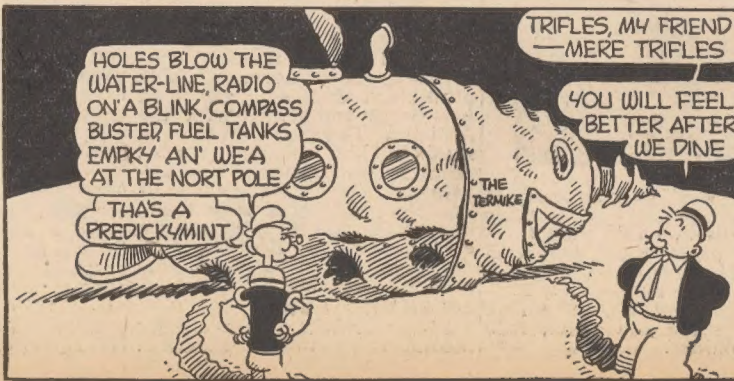
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# WANGLING WORDS

508

1. Insert consonants in \*A\*A\*A\*O\* and \*A\*A\*A\* and get two groups of islands.
2. Here are two tradesmen whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?  
SITROG — RECMECH.
3. If "ever" is the "eve" of eternity, what is the eve of (a) Parties, (b) Partings?
4. Find Thelma's two sisters hidden in: Yesterday I went to see Thelma bleach and dye that cloth.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 507

1. HIGHLANDS, STRATHSPEY.
2. MILTON—CHAUCER.
3. (a) Oregon, (b) Fore-armed.
4. Pop-lar, Will-ow.

# JANE



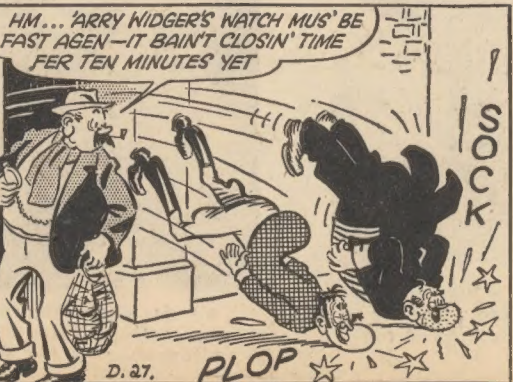
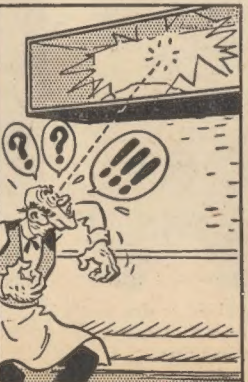
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# A PIECE OF STEAK

(Continued from Page 2)

wisdom was his, Youth would have been spent in buying it.

King took every advantage he knew. He never missed an opportunity to clinch, and in effecting most of the clinches his shoulder drove stiffly into the other's ribs. In the philosophy of the ring a shoulder was as good as a punch so far as damage was concerned, and a great deal better so far as concerned expenditure of effort. Also, in the clinches King rested his weight on his opponent, and was loath to let go. This compelled the interference of the referee, who tore them apart, always assisted by Sandel, who had not yet learned to rest. He could not refrain from using those glorious flying arms and writhing muscles of his, and when the other rushed into a clinch, striking shoulder against ribs, and with head resting under Sandel's left arm, Sandel almost invariably swung his right behind his own back and into the projecting face. It was a clever stroke, much admired by the audience, but it was not dangerous, and was, therefore, just that much wasted strength. But Sandel was tireless and un-

aware of limitations, and King grinned and doggedly endured. Sandel developed a fierce right to the body which made it appear that King was taking an enormous amount of punishment, and it was only the old ringsters who appreciated the deft touch of King's left glove to the other's biceps just before the impact of the blow. It was true the blow landed each time; but each time it was robbed of its power by that touch on the biceps.

In the ninth round, three times inside a minute, King's right hooked its twisted arch to the jaw; and three times Sandel's body, heavy as it was, was levelled to the mat. Each time he took the nine seconds allowed him and rose to his feet, shaken and jarred, but still strong. He had lost much of his speed, and he wasted less effort. He was fighting grimly; but he continued to draw upon his chief asset, which was Youth. King's chief asset was experience.

Early in the tenth round King began stopping the other's rushes

with straight lefts to the face, and Sandel, grown wary, responded by drawing the left, then by ducking it and delivering his right in a swinging hook to the side of the head. It was too high up to be vitally effective; but when first it landed, King knew the old, familiar descent of the black veil of unconsciousness across his mind. For the instant, or for the slightest fraction of an instant, rather, he ceased. In the one moment he saw his opponent ducking out of his field of vision and the background of white, watching faces; in the next moment he again saw his opponent and the background of faces. It was as if he had slept for a time and just opened his eyes again, and yet the interval of unconsciousness was so microscopically short that there had been no time for him to fall. The audience saw him totter and his knees give, and then saw him recover and tuck his chin deeper into the shelter of his left shoulder.

Several times Sandel repeated the blow, keeping King partially dazed, and then the latter worked

out his defence, which was also a counter. Feinting with his left he took a half-step backward, at the same time upper cutting with the whole strength of his right. So accurately was it timed that it landed squarely on Sandel's face in the full, downward sweep of the duck, and Sandel lifted in the air and curled backward, striking the mat on his head and shoulders.

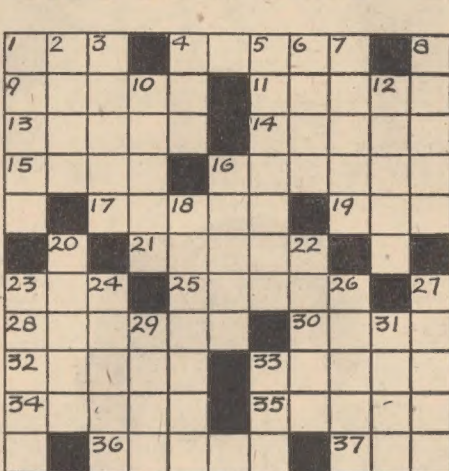
Twice King achieved this, then turned loose and hammered his opponent to the ropes. He gave Sandel no chance to rest or to set himself, but smashed blow in upon blow till the house rose to its feet, and the air was filled with an unbroken roar of applause. But Sandel's strength and endurance were superb, and he continued to stay on his feet. A knock-out

seemed certain, and a captain of police, appalled at the dreadful punishment, arose by the ringside to stop the fight. The gong struck for the end of the round and Sandel staggered to his corner, protesting to the captain that he was sound and strong. To prove it, he threw two back-air-springs, and the police captain gave in.

Tom King, leaning back in his corner and breathing hard, was disappointed. If the fight had been stopped, the referee, perforce, would have rendered him the decision, and the purse would have been his. Unlike Sandel, he was not fighting for glory or career, but for thirty quid. And now Sandel would recuperate in the minute of rest.

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

# CROSSWORD CORNER



## CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Leather
- 4 Jerk
- 9 Ooze out.
- 11 Minister's house.
- 13 Scheduled.
- 14 Evidence.
- 15 Temporary quarters.
- 16 Go with a rush
- 17 Rustic.
- 19 Baronet's title.
- 21 Annoy.
- 23 Writing point.
- 25 Used up.
- 28 Suits.
- 30 Valid unless.
- 32 Vocalist
- 33 Governed.
- 34 Confuse.
- 35 Lubricated.
- 36 Find answer to.
- 37 Firmament.

## CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Coasting vessel.
- 2 Sort of iris.
- 3 Make-believe.
- 4 Nourished.
- 5 Impetus.
- 6 Vehicle.
- 7 Nautical miles.
- 8 Put off.
- 10 Store.
- 12 Well built.
- 16 Colloquially much.
- 18 Hawk.
- 20 Helped.
- 22 Boredom.
- 23 Of birth.
- 24 Groups.
- 26 Cultivates.
- 27 Flighty.
- 29 Outdoor game.
- 31 Look for.
- 33 Eggs.

CHAP KIPPER  
LANOLIN IRE  
URNS TINSEL  
BRAES MOT I  
I DEFINITE  
BED MAG LED  
ORIGINAL N  
O VAT LANDS  
TRIPOD CORE  
HAD NUMERIC  
STEWED SALT

# PHIZ QUIZ



Probably the most famous schoolmaster in the world. Is constantly plagued by his pupils. Haunted continually by an aged scholar. (Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 568: Steve Donoghue.





# Good Morning

## FIVE-IN-HAND PIN-UP FOR POP

Another cherished print from the old man's album of memories. Seems these five fragile blossoms, these five delicate sprigs of femininity, aroused Dad's protective instinct—the Mormon.



AN OPEN INVITATION TO SUBMARINERS (R.S.V.P.)

"Come, Share my Love," invites Elaine Riley, RKO Radio's big-hearted colleen. Well, naturally, we've accepted and look forward to meeting a muster of matloes at the trysting-place.



THIS ENGLAND. A train of lighters glides under Vauxhall bridge in the watery sunshine of a winter's afternoon. In an hour or two, when the first office workers are reaching their homes in the suburbs, the fussy little tug will bring its brood safely alongside some shadowy wharf below Wapping.



"You watch this, it ought to be good! There's Pop with his boots in his hand, tip-toeing up the front path and planning to unlock the front door with a corkscrew. Another hard night at the office, he'll call it!"



"This is a matter requiring deep concentration. Pray, do not disturb a philosopher in his meditations."



"Ah, I have it! Pure reason has triumphed once again. The answer, indubitably, is 'Nuts.'"

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And that goes for me, too!"

